Just My Thoughts

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By biggabit

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Chapter 1

Ripples

Picture a lake on a cool calm summers evening, it's undisturbed surface as smooth as a mirror, a couple of beautifully painted dragonflies appear as if from nowhere, perilously close to the water's surface their playful and erratic flight paths tumble them out towards the centre of the lake, delicate yet precision made wings beat tirelessly causing small distortions in their otherwise crystal clear reflections.

An observer might easily be fooled into thinking that there were in fact four dragonflies partaking in this natural aerobatic flight display, he might also be fooled into believing that this tranquil yet

magnificent scene in its colourful innocent glory might last forever.

Suddenly the mirror appears to shatter as a predatory fish explodes upwards and into the space previously occupied by natures two miraculous micro flying machines. A huge splash and a tiny transparent wing mark the centre of a multitude of expanding ring like ripples, each a perfect circle with an ever increasing radius, one by one as each are created these mini waves begin their hurried journeys to the banks of the lake with the promised reward of riding up onto the land for a brief moment before lazily sliding back again, drawn slowly to where they were formed and where a small broken part that'l never again effortlessly defying the laws of gravity carry a colourful creation in the cool summers air.

I've sat as an observer of this particular lake for quite some time now, the dragonflies are long gone and the ripples have all but subsided, peace and tranquillity has returned and a near perfect mirror has formed.

Life is much like the lake, periods of sustained calmness punctuated by intermittent moments of madness where ripples are formed, now one might argue that a perfect life would be one where these occasional disturbances did not occur, but a life devoid of ripples would be like denying the existence of the dragonflies, who's unpredictable playfulness gave purpose to living.

In our organised world we set our goals and plot paths leaving nothing to chance, (or so we delude ourselves) because we know that a life without structure would leave us vulnerable. The reality is that little of what we do influences 'chance' and the mere fact we breath is a risk in itself, we tumble through our short lives redefining the boundaries of our imaginary protective bubbles, setting common primary objectives we swim in the same direction like a shoal of dumb fish.

Few of us dare break free and swim alone, though those of us who do escape (even if only temporarily) can observe the shoal from our new vantage point,

we view it swimming in perfect unison, so organised, no collisions, safety in numbers,

yet trapped as a whole by their fears and insecurities.

I've had a taste of what it's like to break free from the 'norm' the ripples which shook my world have only recently began to smooth out, a moment of madness in a very sane world.

I'm back in the shoal now, conforming to what direction is expected of me, yes it feels safe, anonymity in numbers, a well designed structure to guide & protect me.

Though content with this newly established normality, the trouble is...

Sometimes i find myself yearning for a small splash & ripple or just something to break the mirror...

Though mostly i dream of becoming a dragonfly. ;o)

Someone once said "dream like you'll live forever... live like you'll die today"

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 2

Snippet

Life...ever wondered whether you're making the most of it.....?

90 years (if you're lucky) from birth to death, is a mere flash in the pan in the greater scheme of things... for instance, when measured against the time taken for the universe to be created, then for life on earth to evolve to our present day (by it self or by God. whichever is your preposition)

So how do we spend this 'snippet' of existence we're all gifted with....?

From an early age (childhood in my humble opinion the only 'truly enjoyable' age) we learn & then at

school we sharpen our tool of wisdom, leave school, become adults, only to join the rat race, consume, consume, consume.. & most importantly, do our best to out consume our neighbours! (Or maybe just consume him/her, if one has cannibalistic tendencies)

Ok... we might take some time away from all this consuming & actually achieve one of our basic primary objectives as biological beings... 'to reproduce'

Yes we have children, all of which are blessed with their very own snippet of time... to consume, reproduce & spend their snippet on what ever they feel might make a difference to their world.

You are probably asking yourself where I'm going with all this....?

Some people, well actually a lot of people... dedicate themselves to a religion to some how give significance to their otherwise futile lives (this is not for me) a privileged & much smaller percentage of people do better than most at the 'consuming game' (celebrities) & actually become God like icons

for the not so successful vast majority to spend their 'snippet' worshipping. (Again not for me)

Forgive me if I've taken a morbid tone, but Cemetery's.....

Well they are full of people who's 'snippet' expired before ours, ok their 'snippet' may or may not have over lapped ours at some point, but either way just like after we're done doing what ever we've chosen, (wisely or not) to do with our 'snippet' others will continue their 'snippets' & so on & so forth... like some giant tapestry of inter-woven 'snippets'.... or in the greater scheme of things, like thousands of non-sequential camera flashes at one of our God like celebrities events... or a million fire works in a grand finale at a pyrotechnics display? (You may have to read the above 4 or 5 times before it makes sense.. I did & am still not sure that it does!!)

Ok! Ok! you get the point life is short... so fucking what?! I hear you cry !

Well I've 'consumed' (more in some jobs than others) I've 'reproduced' (3 kids who I absolutely worship & adore) I found love & am still with the same women

of 21yrs (though i guess the love may have degraded into something more 'practical') I'm fairly content with what I've achieved thus far & up to this point in time within my 'snippet' (though could of done a whole lot better academically)

So why do I hear this little voice screaming from deep within my soul... & why do I feel so fucking empty?

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 3

Evolution or by design...?

My reply to a (some what religious) person on the net, he'd quoted from the bible to me, then asked me, as a non believer what theory I believed in for us being here...

I guess i believe that the 'big bang' theory is is probably more or less how things happened, followed by 'Darwins' theory of evolution.

A creator? nah that has to be the most least likely theory, I mean before 'God' did his 'creating', where was 'God' & what was he/it up to?

Did something create him or did he create him self?! then with his finite self-programmed knowledge...

create the universe!!!? & further more if he created us in his own image, then in who's image did he create the dinosaurs.... his mother in laws....? Lol

Oh & let's not forget the 'dinosaurs' Were here first... a big mistake of his? & why did it take him several million years to realise his 'error' (they roamed the earth for millions of years, we've only been here a few thousand)

No my friend.. we're simply the (current) end product of millions of years of 'evolution' & with our greatly evolved minds & infinite wisdom.. we recognise our own 'mortallity'

For this reason (the fear of not excisting) mankind created this fantasy.. that unlike the other creatures that inhabit this planet that our "God' created....' we are far to important to simply die & fall in to non existence!! No! we have an 'after life!!!!

Realising the potential power of this fabricated reward, early man used it as a way of controlling the 'masses' herding people like sheep into religious groups.. striking fear into all those who 'doubted' ... preaching how we would be punished, losing our gift

of a good after life.. or going to hell!! (another of mans fantasies)

So religions in all there various forms are simply about power & control.

Jesus...? Yes a person called Jesus probably did exist.. but he certainly wasn't the first or last preacher that ever walked the Earth & died because of his beliefs... there are so many who still die because of there beliefs today!!

The biggest problem with the Bible basically is, that it was written by men for men... men with intelligence, & the ability to fantasise... & sadly with the hidden agenda to conquer & control.

Proof of this method of control would be religious types flying passenger aircrafts full of innocent women, children & men into tall buildings full of even more innocent people... an extreme & fanatical religion you would argue.. but the act of men under the spell & power of a religion none the less.

Morals...? morale is simply mans battle with his basic animal instinct.. for animals are what we are!! You

can suppress & try to hide these feelings & join the catholic church & say a thousand 'hail marys' but animal instinct will prevail.. (Fighting, killing, sex & violence)

Right & wrong are another of mans creations/ delusions... our futile effort to influence 'evolution' do we think it wrong when a lion hunts & kills?

I'm not saying it's a good thing to kill your neighbour (even if he did piss on your lawn drunk out of his head at 2 in the morning) but animal instinct dictates that we do take action! & if we're stronger & successful.. then our family survives in tact with our 'gene pool' (evolution)

The bottom line is we're simply here by chance with the single purpose of multiplying to keep the species going.. like mammals, fish & even microscopic viruses!(why the hell would a God make them?)All very basic really, but what complicates things for us is... is our (evolved) intellect.

Well... you 'earn' your place in the after life, go & spend an eternity with your 'God' & maybe you'll ask him why he bothered creating this spinning ball

covered in germ ridden slimy bio matter...? why he left us to it...? Why he doesn't just start the next ice age so he can have fun with his 'modelling clay once more?

Hey plenty of respect bro... & if your religion brings you peace from this otherwise stressful & rather 'confused' human race. Then it can't be all that bad... eh?

P.s. Thanx for the chat ;o)

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 4

Two Perfectly Matched Souls..

Two Perfectly Matched Souls..

Life is a journey, during which we experience many events, some happy some sad and some quite mad. (Sorry it's not supposed to be a poem!)

Along the way we meet all types of souls...

The weak feed on us drawing energy from and depleting our life force.

The insecure will try to capture us, for possession validates their lost purpose.

The confused will distract, causing us to lose focus with their crazy noise.

But once in a while and sadly sometimes only once in a lifetime, we'll encounter a soul on exactly the same wave length as our own. (A perfectly matched soul or Angel?)

When this happens both souls will selflessly connect on all levels, giving equally as much as receiving, perfectly balanced and with crystal clear purity they'll energise each other, fully restoring lost life force.

Resisting the temptation to cling on to this new found beauty, we let go and continue our journey alone..

For we know that to do anything else would be weak, insecure and confusing..

We seek..

Paths cross..

We let go..

A chance encounter?

Nothing in life is written or choreographed..

Your choices are half chance, and so are everyone else's..

We take our first breath alone and will die alone..

We experience..

One life..

One purpose..

Need guidance?

Believe me when I say..

Angels walk among us..

I met one.

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 5

We all do this...

We all do this.

Observing the world from our own perspective; we analyze and make judgements, on the activities of others while comparing everything to our own position/predicament. (Rubber necking while slowly driving past an RTA is a good example of this)

Some will become so wrapped up in viewing and comparing, that life will pass them by, and a cloak of envy will descend tinting all they see in negative colours.

There are those which will constantly paint themselves as 'the victim' inwardly focused and

obsessed with luring the attention of others, they lead unreasonably needy selfish lives. (I know one or two of these)

Others will take a Pollyanna view, but seeing only 'the good' is basically burying ones head in the sand so that one doesn't have to face reality, this isn't the way to go either...

What we perceive isn't necessarily all gold, and to fully understand another's struggle or pain is practically impossible, so while we might try and understand and offer sympathy, the extent of their emotional cost can never truly be known.

We'd do well to remind ourselves that we all have the same software Mother Nature installed, and are running the same biological programme.

Therefore basically we all share the same objectives, fears and needs. (we're essentially all the same)

Pain is part of the programme... (Reminds us we're alive)

We all feel pain,

Life is a struggle,

We're all the same,

Never give up.

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 6

My Sexy Encounter....

Our nearest star we affectionately call the Sun shone brightly this day, its unobstructed rays beating down relentlessly on the contours of her silky smooth body.

A million water droplets sat on her coloured exterior, sparkling as if they were tiny diamonds ; she was a lovely sight for anyone's eyes and a banquet for mine.

I stood for a brief moment admiring her seductive sexy design, lightly tracing a single finger along her exquisite lines then slowly over her hood.

Unable to resist her glistening beauty any longer, my deft fingers frantically fumbled at her entrance

opening her up, then with waves of intense pleasure I entered her.

Sinking into her plush interior I savoured every inch of her heavenly softness as it caressed, cushioned and enveloped my rugged form.

Like a captured animal in total submission I allowed her depths devour my whole and could do nothing but surrender my soul.

I sat deep within her perfect body feeling at one with it, wishing that I could spend an eternity inside this new warm and wonderful place.

Then suddenly I came to realise that I still had another three super cars to wash and valet before lunch so reluctantly got out and hastily started work on them.

Chapter 7

Just For Fun

Count the number of 'F's in the following text:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

Managed it? Scroll down only after you have counted them!

OK?

How many? Three?

Wrong, there are six - no joke!

Read again!

The reasoning is further down...

The brain cannot process "OF".

Incredible or what?

Anyone who counts all six 'F' on the first

go is a genius or insane, Three is normal.

Thanks for trying ! ;o)

Chapter 8

Happiness Is To Feel Truly Alive...

Picture if you will two of our most primitive ancestors (perhaps lovers) holding hands standing in silence up on a rise, a cool evening breeze caresses while they watch the sunset, transfixed and lost in thought, their elongated shadows lay stretched out behind them slowly creeping over their world. A crimson glow sinking from view transcends their tiny minds, no words are exchanged or indeed required, just the comfort and reassurance of another's hand, both sharing a moment in time and totally in tune with the universe of which they're part.

Some 250,000 years later the same sun now sets behind high rise buildings, within the many rooms of these dwellings well fed and totally unaware of the sinking crimson glow, sit the countless discontented (some possibly lovers) with blank faces they stare transfixed into the same corners of climate controlled box rooms, the repetitive images on a flat screen bombard them with a voyeuristic view of a world which couldn't be less real, the synthetic possessions with which they find themselves entombed yield no real comfort, and they dream of being someplace else.

The primitive couple up on the rise never had the technological advancements we all enjoy today, for instance we don't have to spend all day foraging for food, clothes are made for us, and we have the use and safety of prebuilt shelters and with few real threats or dangers we have medical care to extend our lives. Sadly the sanitized environment in which we live today leaves us lacking, we feel unfulfilled and divorced from life itself. Having too much time on our hands we easily grow bored and crave excitement usually in the form of danger. We are also

conditioned from an early age to want more and more, and are never satisfied with what we have. Unlike the primitive couple living in their simple but real world, we are dissatisfied.

Leading hurried busy lives our crazy noise overwhelms us and the basic ability to simply stop, observe and most of all appreciate is all but lost, we place great value in material possessions, yet knowing deep down that real beauty cannot be owned, it exists only as fleeting images briefly focussed on to our retinas and the tingling sensations on a billion sensory nerve endings, which when decoded into thoughts enable us to interact and feel a part of. The trouble is ascending intellect complicates and dulls our perception, we seek happiness but it eludes us for true happiness cannot be manufactured or purchased, it is a primitive emotion which can only be experienced when one feels truly alive.

Authors note:

Strange how some thoughts come to us, well this particular piece began to flow while i was listening to the Pointer Sisters 'Slow Hand'...

Love the tune so have attached a video with the said track, hope you like it as much as i do.

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 9

The Way It's Meant To Be (Short Story)

It had been raining now a good hour or so she'd been gone twenty seven minutes, her subtle sweet fragrance hung in the air like a fading memory, she hadn't looked at me once while pulling on her light green panties, then she had simply stood with her back to me watching the rain lash at the window before leaving without saying a word.

Meeting her had been a chance encounter because A. I rarely use public transport and B. I almost missed this particular bus, the more I think on it the more convinced I am that our chance meeting should never of happened but it had. It would seem that the God's had thrown a dice and our paths had crossed,

two souls going about their daily mundane routines with no expectations or ambition suddenly thrown together.

Like I said I'd almost missed this bus, and had had to run a good twenty metres or so in order to catch it, only to find myself queued behind a belligerent old man giving the driver a hard time over the rising fares. Finally I managed to board and with a thin film of sweat enveloping me I found a seat somewhere near the back and sat down, relieved to be out of the mayhem of jostling shoppers and sun baked mix of ozone and traffic fumes.

Thinking of nothing in particular I'd watched the world outside slowly blur as the bus accelerated, while my pulse and breathing decelerated establishing a more sustainable rhythm which might give me hope of longevity. Suddenly something woke me from this trance like stupor, the bus wasn't even half full and she'd chosen to sit down next to me, her only words had been "it's a crazy world out there"

There was a radiant look about her, minimal make up complimented natural good looks giving her a

positive glow which I'm sure tirelessly turned heads all day long, only a hint of her perfectly round breasts were visible forming a deliciously teasing cleavage full of promise, exiting a light green dress her long smooth tanned legs culminated in a pair of shiny white shoes. Slightly taken aback by her choice in seating I'd tried to remain cool and replied "it certainly is nuts out there" then casually I turned back to the window to continue observing the world we'd both judged as being quite mad go by as if on a conveyor belt.

Images of this crazy world flashed by though none of them really registering, my mind preoccupied and acutely aware of the woman sat in close proximity, thoughts materialized then vanished in quick succession, Why had she chose to sit next to me? Had she mistook me for someone else? Did I actually know her but somehow lost my memory? An uninvited guest she had essentially intruded on my personal space, a bubble of space we all have and respect, an unwritten code of conduct we learn from an early age, a place we can we feel safe and where only the invited may enter, or was I being too

defensive? I didn't write the code but obviously I'd been programmed with it; our species had proved with countless wars our inherent obsession with boundaries.

Her forwardness had unnerved me and I fought hard to not begin fidgeting, then as though she'd read my mind she broke the silence "don't you think that the world is a cold and lonely place?" How do mean? I replied "well, look at that old man over there sitting by himself. How many people would you guess he's touched in his life?" I looked over to the 'Alf Garnet' look alike, and immediately imagined him with his hands wrapped around the neck of some poor bus driver or shop keeper!

Then it struck me that she had a point, we make such poor social creatures, it was indeed mad but also a cold and lonely world, it had been six months since I'd split from my long term girlfriend and the realization dawned on me that , I'd had no real human contact since then. I looked back over to where the grumpy old man I'd queued behind earlier was sitting, his face all screwed up with his secret

bitter thoughts, could it be true that he could probably count the number of people he'd ever touched on his fingers alone? The thought depressed me.

Before I could reply she broke the silence once more "I bet he's not touched many, people rarely touch, they erect barriers and will quite often go out off their way to avoid touching or being touched" I thought on this then said "yeah but surely there's a perfectly good reason for us not indiscriminately touching one another, touching can be an intimate thing and could be miss interpreted or abused"

Seeming to have ignored my last statement she held out a small well manicured hand and said, "Will you hold my hand?" then with a smile she said "in fact I dare you to hold my hand" I looked at her hand then to her face then hand again, I wasn't in my opinion a shy person, so why did I feel that embarrassing heat on my face when one colours, a million capillaries with minds of their own dilating, suddenly I felt very conscious of every one of my barriers firmly resisting any form of touching.

What happened next I can only put down to the sheer will of regaining some kind of control of the situation I found myself in, I felt foolish as it was and had to act fast before she spoke again, I guess I could have easily of said 'no' and that would have been the end of it, but I felt sure she was playing some type of game where she was clearly enjoying being in control. So as if to call her bluff I took her hand in mine and tried my best not show how uncomfortable and awkward I felt.

So there we sat in silence, a mutual understanding the need for words redundant, two perfect strangers travelling along through space and time sharing a moment, defying normality and no doubt breaking countless unwritten rules, I could almost feel the atoms in my hand sharing electrons with hers, our energies merging and becoming a single life force, a childlike innocence in an intolerant world, holding hands felt great in fact it was positively therapeutic!

Rising from the sofa my body ached and I felt as stiff as a board, random patterns were embossed on my face where I'd almost become laminated to the

leather upholstery, I wondered how long I'd been lying there for, had I invited her back or with her forward nature had she invited herself? I vaguely remembered getting off the bus, but for some odd reason could not remember whether she'd got off at the same stop. Fixing myself a nice steaming cup of tea the events of yesterdays encounter slowly reassembled themselves piece by piece like some bizarre puzzle.

When the bus had eventually reached my stop we had exchanged awkward goodbyes and I definitely remember getting off alone, the bus pulling away with her still on board. In a dreamy state of mind due to what had happened on the bus I'd walked the short distance to my front door not really aware of my surroundings and had simply gone in. Soon after there had been a knock on my door and there she had stood simply smiling, bizarre as it seemed and a little frightening if I'm to be totally honest, I invited her in. To begin with we had mainly talked, then we had simply sat holding hands, this progressed to hugging then kissing then exploratory caressing then groping and finally the lowering of all barriers.

At first I thought that I'd either been seduced in some exotic and mysterious way or had inadvertently been part of some experiment she had expertly conducted, with me being the lab rat. In all the chatting we had done I'd not caught her name and after she had left I never saw her again, but somehow I knew this was how it was meant to be What we had experienced was at a primeval level, a basic need to be touched and comforted, without any restraint, judgement, emotional ties or complications. I remember her saying that, society dictates that we don't have such freedom and that we must abide by the rules and act accordingly, in doing so we place unrealistic expectations on each other and ultimately try to possess one another, relationships fail and we scratch our heads and wonder why.

Walking over to the window I noticed a small note propped against it, my heart leapt at my immediate gut reaction, which was that maybe she had left her name and number, and then feeling very foolish I suddenly understood, it simply read "The way it's meant to be".

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 10

You Are Not...

You're not your job,

You're not your bank balance,

You're not your possessions,

You're not a number,

You're not his,

You're not hers,

You're not theirs,

You're not too young,

You're not too old,

You're not that important,

You're not that insignificant,

You're not indestructible,

You're not here forever,

You're not black,

You're not white,

You're not fat,

You're not thin,

You're not bad,

You're not good,

You're not the best,

You're not the worst,

You're not the first,

You're not the last,

You're not who they say you are,

You're not what you want to be,

You're not to do this,

You're not to do that,

You're not actually ever free,

You're not happy?

You're not alone.

Thanks for reading ;o)

Chapter 11

Broken Home

So in love yet unable to get along,

It's a human fault...

When a world goes wrong,

A fathers pain and a mothers lies,

It's a return to innocence...

When a grown man cries,

Broken hearted and a broken home,

It's a childs loss...

When there's no ring from the phone,

When violence and hatred is the norm,

It's a tragedy cos...

That's not why they were born,

A divided nest just becomes straw,

It's a real shame...

And that's for sure,

Making it work is not a dream,

It's a possibility...

You only need choose the theme,

Colours are yours in every mixture,

It's blank canvas...

So with your heart paint the picture.

Thanks for reading ;o)

About the Author

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